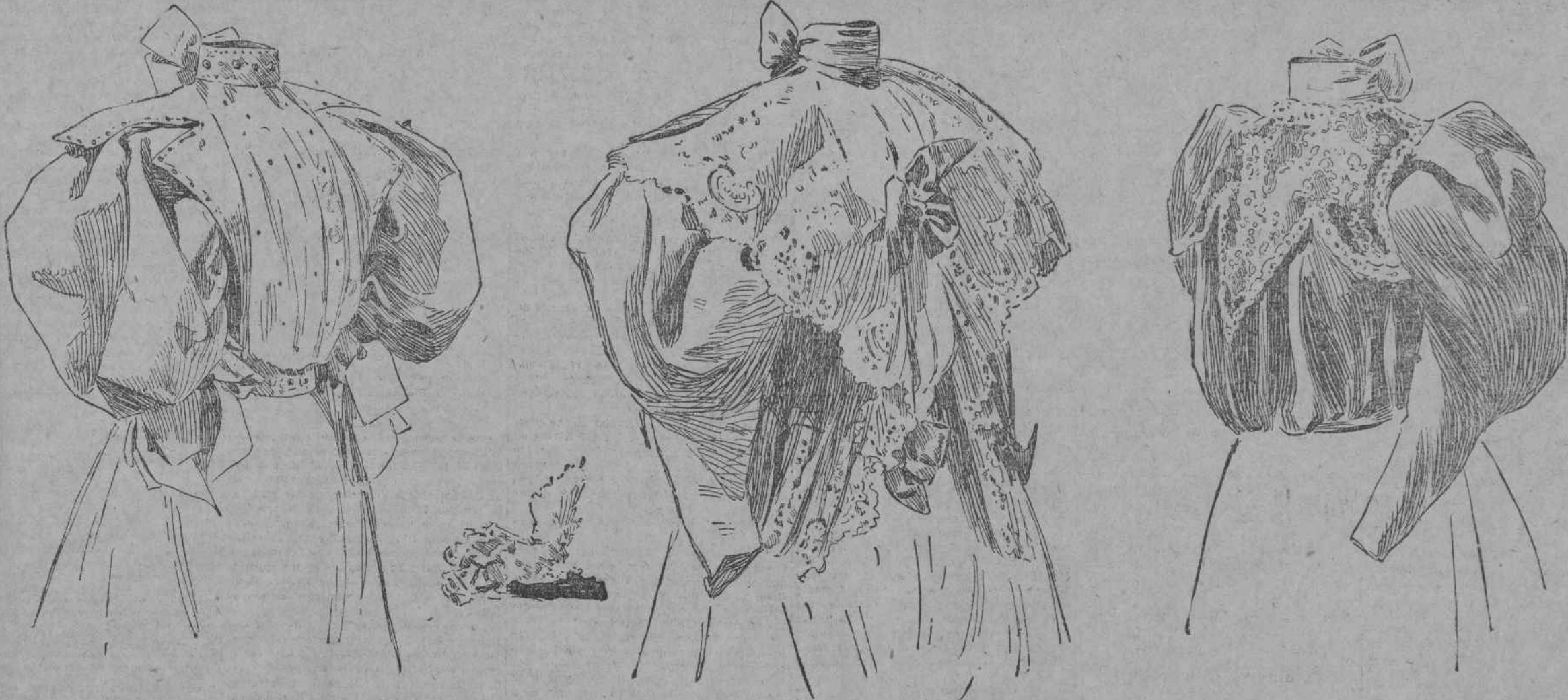


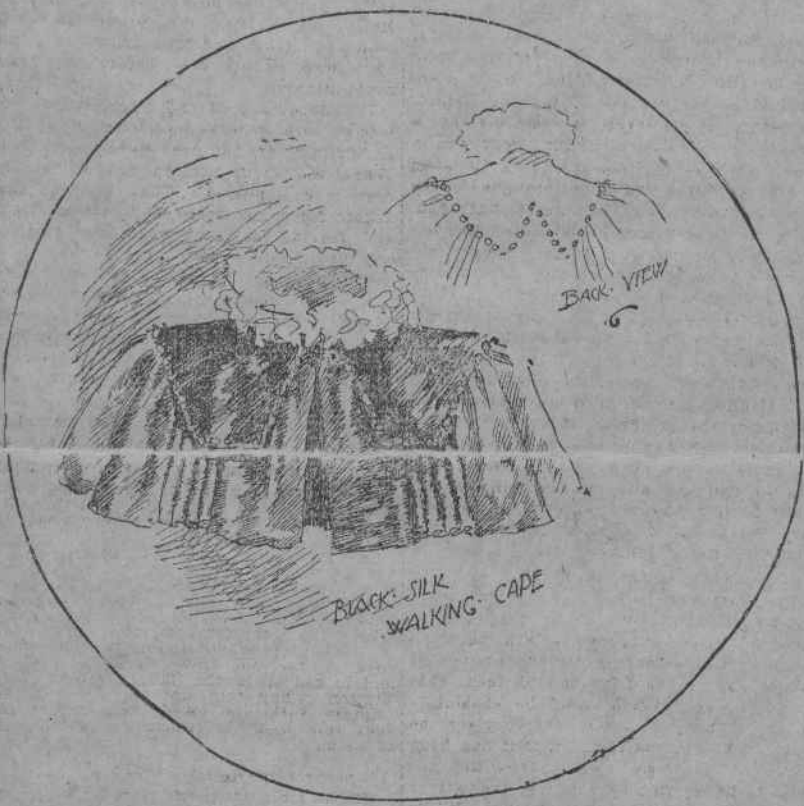
# Wedding Finery of a Statesman's Bride.

HIS WALK ON BROADWAY



EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON'S ACTUAL NEW F

The wedding gown is made very plain of the richest of pale grey faille silk, with extremely full and demi-train, having an apron effect of Honiton lace in the front. The bodice, which is high-necked, is profusely trimmed with Honiton lace, which has been an heirloom in the Lord family. At turquoise blue velvet stock and bows at the waist enliven the costume. Mrs. Dimmick's travelling, or going-away, gown is of blue-gray cabot cloth, made with a full plain skirt and Louis Quatorze coat, opening on a vest of garnet and blue plaid ornamented with tiny gold buttons. A chic English bonnet of tar straw trimmed with gray chiffon and garnet roses is worn with this costume. A reception bodice of black and gold grenadine over red silk has a yoke of black Renaissance lace, spangled with iridescent beads and full blouse effect.



## CEN. HARRISON'S WEDDING PLANS.

Continued from First Page.

ced with more photographs and bric-a-brac. In the daytime it is a chiffonier; at night it is Mrs. Dimmick's folding-bed. Near one of the windows stands a pretty 'emeline looking writing desk, which has been in constant use for the last week, for there have been many notes of congratulation and good wishes to acknowledge.

Scattered about the room are several handsome and well-cared-for plants, and the walls are covered with pictures and photographs, among them being several of General Harrison.

Since his arrival in the city Mr. Harri-

son has spent a good part of his time in this room with his future bride and her very charming sister, Mrs. Parker. On Thursday he called quite early in the forenoon and stayed to luncheon with Mrs. Dimmick, which was served to them in her apartments.

Mrs. Dimmick spent the whole of yesterday morning and the early part of the afternoon out, as it was the last day but one in which she could complete her wedding arrangements relative to her trousseau, etc.

Lieutenant J. H. Parker, the brother-in-law of Mrs. Dimmick, who is to give her away to General Harrison, arrived in New York last evening. Mrs. Parker is an extremely pretty woman, and as she is pronounced a blonde as Mrs. Dimmick is a brunette, the two sisters, who are devotedly attached to each other, present a very interesting contrast when seen together.

Mrs. Dimmick's hair and eyes are dark, but what lends the real attraction to her face is a very sweet and pleasing expression.

Her favorite gown for afternoon wear during the last week has been a handsome brown and black embroidered brocade, over

which she sometimes wears a lovely ermine cape.

Mrs. Dimmick has been the recipient of many handsome presents from every part of the country, but the one she values most of all is a magnificent "sunburst," which she has long desired to possess, and which will be doubly valued, as it is the principal gift of General Harrison to his bride. Last evening Mrs. Dimmick received a few intimate friends, to whom she accorded the privilege of seeing her wedding gifts.

Flowers and Music.

The beautiful Easter decorations at St. Thomas's church, which will be done by Thorley, and which were exclusively described in last Saturday's Journal, will do service for Mrs. Dimmick's wedding. Fresh lilies will be arranged on the altar, and lilies tied to the pews by broad satin ribbons, but with these lilies the same flowers which trimmed the church the day before will decorate it for the ex-President's marriage.

They will be elaborate enough for any occasion, and will leave nothing to be desired in the way of artistic effect.

General Harrison and his best man, ex-Secretary Benjamin F. Tracy, will wait the arrival of the bridal party in the vestry room. When the bride reaches the vestibule, Sexton Williams will give them the signal, and they will enter the church, meeting Mrs. Dimmick at the chancel steps, where General Harrison will receive her from her brother-in-law, Lieutenant J. F. Parker, of the United States Navy.

As already stated in the Journal, Mrs. Dimmick will have no attendants. She will be preceded by two ushers, Mr. D. M. Randall, a warm friend of General Harrison, and Mr. E. F. Tibbott, his private secretary. She will wear a silver gray gown, as announced last Saturday, and a small bonnet to match. Her bouquet will be an exquisite bunch of white lilies, which Thorley will arrange in shower effect. A great bow of white satin ribbon will be tied around it, and tiny sprays of lilac will be knotted to the narrow white satin trails, which will fall over the skirt of her gown. On one side a bunch of white moss roses will be tucked away among the other flowers.

The ceremony will be performed by the rector, the Rev. Dr. John Wesley Brown. The musical service will not be elaborate. It will consist of selections from "Lohengrin," played very softly on the organ, the intermezzo of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and the march from "Tannhauser," rendered by Dr. Warren, organist of the church.

The few friends who will witness the marriage will be unable to offer their congratulations afterward, as no reception will be held. Even the usual collation for the bridal party will be omitted. The ex-President and his bride will be driven to



the residence of one of her friends, where she will change her gown for a travelling costume and they will then start on their wedding journey, which has Indianapolis as its end.

General and Mrs. Harrison will return East later in the season and spend the Summer in the Adirondacks. He recently purchased a place at the First Lake in the Fulton chain, where he is having a picturesque log cabin built. It will be ready for occupancy in June, and will be fitted up in accordance with its future mistress's taste.

A Statesman's Romance.

If you can conceive a courtship that is actually prosaic in its lack of romance and yet in all its elements is the very essence of romance, you will have the glimpse of an idea of how the friendship between Benjamin Harrison and Mrs. Mary Dimmick ripened into that affection which will be crowned by Monday's ceremony.

It is prosaic in this, that it began, was fostered by and grew among the cares, the daily routine, the arduous labor, the countless schemes and trials and drudging details of a man's work-a-day life—none the less prosaic for the fact that this man was the foremost statesman and the busiest politician of the land.

It was the very height of romance in this, that, unconsciously, the nature of each unfolded itself to the knowledge of the other, revealing its strength and its weakness, its loving qualities and its faults, its springs and its tenders, until, imperceptibly at first, a feeling of confidence and of boundless trust grew up which needed but an impetus to blossom into love.

When Benjamin became President of the United States, Mrs. Mary Dimmick, his wife's niece, left her home in Indianapolis to help her aunt in her duties as mistress of the White House. Almost before the first year had passed the social functions of the White House had become of secondary importance to her. The President had found more important work for her to do.

He had found that she could keep her own counsel; she was discreet. He had found that she could straighten out little tangles of men and things; she had tact. He had found that the affairs of the country possessed a great interest for her and that her knowledge of the politics and the finances of the land was beyond that of many a Senator who made speeches on those subjects; she was well-read and clear-headed.

And so the woman who had come to help at receptions and teas became a source of relief to the President, which only men who have felt the responsibilities of high executive office can appreciate.

He discussed affairs of state with her. They chatted about appointments, about men, about measures. She made suggestions that only a bright woman could have made. He outlined his plans, the very recital of which helped to get them clear in his mind.

In short, Mrs. Dimmick became a valuable personage in the White House, and no one seemed to realize it more fully than Benjamin Harrison. He frequently alluded playfully to his "counselor" and gave frequent testimony of her assistance to him.

After the death of Mrs. Harrison her duties became even more arduous. When, finally, Benjamin Harrison's term of office expired and he withdrew into private life there was no member of his household so thoroughly worn out as Mrs. Dimmick.

Last Summer the McKees were at Valley Forge and Mrs. Dimmick was with them.

The ex-President left his work and took a long vacation at Valley Forge. The famous Baby McKee was there. The famous Baby McKee was cruelly neglected by his grandpa. It then dawned upon the family that Benjamin Harrison had fallen in love. That was the beginning. And yet, when you come to think of it, that was not the beginning.

The Bridegroom-Elect's Day. Ex-President Benjamin Harrison had a busy day yesterday, and throughout it all he maintained a cheerful equanimity which usually marks the man who is free from the creaking care of office. Nor was this condition of mind in the least disturbed when he accidentally came face to face with Thomas Collier Platt.

The General is generally an early riser, but the white bath robe that is decorated with blue dogs and long bear his bed, and the red slippers, with the turned up toes, that lay under it, were undisturbed until half-past 9 o'clock. That was the hour at which he arose.

He breakfasted with Lieutenant Parker, D. M. Randall and E. F. Tibbott, his private secretary. The ex-President had a voracious appetite, and ate heartily from a choice of those dishes that were served: Oranges, oatmeal, sliced tomatoes, broiled bluefish, lamb chops, mutton kidneys, with

mushrooms, potatoes, hashed, with cream, soft boiled eggs and flannel cakes, rolls and coffee.

After breakfast he turned his attention to his correspondence, and completed the final arrangements for the wedding, naming the guests and directing other details. It was 11 o'clock when he left the hotel. He finished buttoning his coat as he stepped into the street, and, looking up at the big clock outside, walked briskly up Fifth avenue. He visited Mrs. Dimmick in Thirty-eighth street. The couple were the guests of Mrs. Parker at lunch.

General Harrison went shopping in the afternoon unattended. He walked along Twenty-third street as far west as Sixth avenue, and what seemed to especially attract his attention was an array of amazingly pink shirts in one of the windows.

Returning, he entered a store under the hotel and there bought a white four-in-hand tie. He paid a dollar for it. Then he went to a tailor not far distant and tried on a frock coat and vest and a pair of gray trousers. The trousers were cut, of course, in the latest fashion and had a perfect crease.

When he returned to the hotel it was about 4:30. He entered the elevator. It was just about to start when another man entered. The newcomer had a bundle of papers under his arm, and his head was bowed in thought. He looked up as the car started upward. His eyes met those of the ex-President, and Mr. Harrison smiled in a formal way. Then he and Mr. Platt shook hands in a prefunctory fashion. They exchanged courtesies on the weather—that's all.

Among the General's visitors during the day were Colonel "Red" Grant and Robert Oglesby. He was dined last night at the home of A. W. Soper, at No. 150 West Fifty-ninth street.

Clarkson Not Invited.

General John I. Clarkson, the man who marshaled the cohorts at the Minneapolis convention that nominated Harrison for the Presidency, has not been invited.

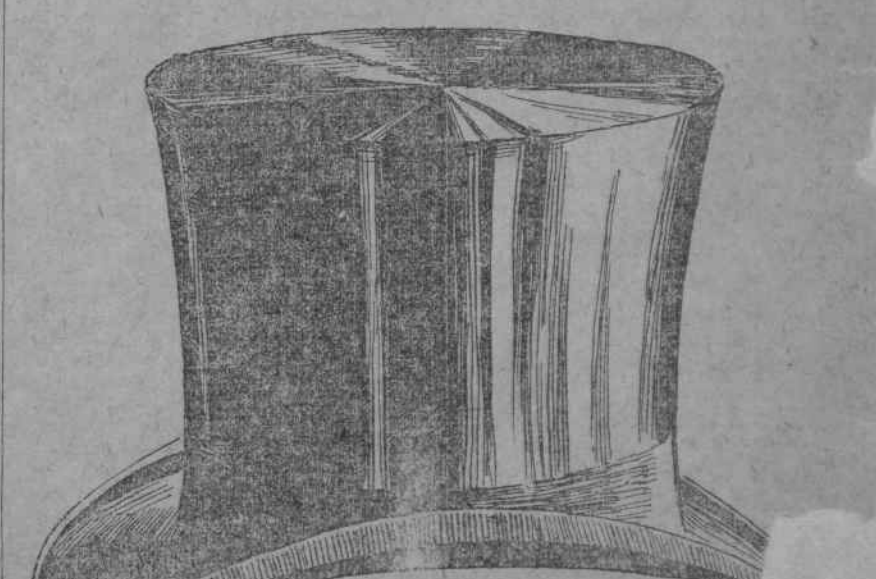
"The wedding seems to be attracting some considerable attention," said Clarkson yesterday. "But I don't expect to be there. So far as the report that I am to give him a wedding present is concerned, I am at a loss to know what it is to be. I have no knowledge of such an intention on my part and I think, as a rule, it is a bad idea to shower presents on a man who does the same thing twice. I guess good wishes and plenty of happiness is about all we can give Ben this time. Yes, wish him good luck. That's all."

Governor Morton to Come.

Albany, April 3.—The Governor intends to be present at General Harrison's wedding. It is not likely that Mrs. Morton or the Misses Morton will attend.

Russell Harrison's Silence.

Terre Haute, April 3.—Russell Harrison positively will not talk about the wedding. He has confided to no one his purposes as to attending the ceremony. So far as can be learned he has made no arrangements for the trip to New York. He has just begun house-keeping, and there are no indications of an intended absence from the new home.



EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON'S ACTUAL NEW F



THE HARRISON HOUSE AT INDIANAPOLIS, THEIR FUTURE HOME.